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GARFILENA.

A HUNGARIAN TALE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE time had passed when the ear of Father Niklas had been the recipient of every tale of fear, doubt, and sorrow in the domains of Sczhenevi. But now the griefs and sins, which tried the proud hearts at the castle, were confessed to the stern prior; and the anguish and remorse of one young heart was never poured into the ear of mortal man. But the confessional of the little votive chapel of St. Josef was never empty; and a quick eye might have noted how uniform was the expression of the devotees. Day after day did the good father listen to words, uttered in tones of aught but penitence; and unwearied was he in the utterance of counsel and advice. And why were there not observers to see how much more conscience stricken were the serfs than were their wives and daughters, and with how much more interest the father listened to their confessions than to those which had been oftenest poured into his ears.

*There was rebellion among the serfs!*—deep deadly heart-seated rebellion—the more to be dreaded because it was strengthening slowly and silently. And Father Niklas was, in reality, the chief of the rebels. Not that he counselled violence or bloodshed; but the feeling of hatred and wrong was the stronger in them, because they knew that the same feelings swelled the heart, and guided the purposes, of their priest.

Father Niklas was the son of a serf—his superior intellect had attracted the notice of the count, who gave him freedom, and sent him to the community of St. Christine's to be educated. Upon the death of the old confessor he had been chosen, by the countess, to fill his place; and from that time until his dismissal, there had existed the warmest friendship between the priest and his kind patrons. It was a friendship founded on their side upon respect for his deep learning, his amiable disposition, and the love which we all feel for that which we have nurtured and cherished; and on his part it had its foundation in the deepest gratitude, and a feeling of congeniality with their generous tolerant dispositions. The count and the priest were of one

heart in their desires to elevate the rude serfs, who were so wholly dependent upon them, and mutually assisted each other in this great work. As years went by the old count grew more remiss; partly from a natural love of ease, which increased with time, and partly from the expostulations of his son, who foreboded ill in this connection of mental culture and *serfdom*. But Father Niklas had never faltered, and he grew more ardent in his desires, and more determined in his designs, at the first intimation of opposition from Count Emerich. He had always been gentle and lenient in the exercise of spiritual domination, and this, with the feelings of clanship which he still cherished, had strengthened almost to idolatry their attachment to him. His tolerance had equalled the count's towards the heretics, and there were those who whispered that his own faith was not undarkened by their doubts. And this was why Count Emerich had urged his removal from the castle, and had threatened a final separation between him and his flock.

Count Emerich was right in his fears for the plans and influence of Father Niklas. In ignorance alone can men be kept in abject bondage. In darkness alone will they hug their chains, and in stolid callousness alone can they be insensible to their pressure. The ties of love and gratitude had made these chains as flowery wreaths to the bondsmen of the old Count Sczhenevi, but there was no such feeling for his son. Had Count Emerich been content to "walk in the footsteps of his father"—had he been willing to recognize, even tacitly, the natural rights of those over whom his country's laws had made him lord and master, peace, contentment, and a higher degree of prosperity and happiness, might still have characterized the domains of Sczhenevi. But Count Emerich loved arbitrary rule; he had always contemplated with pleasure the prospect of being "a man in authority"—of saying to one man *Go!* and he should go, or *Come!* and he should obey. But he found that his unreasonable commands were often disobeyed, his authority too much disregarded.

He had given due weight to the silent influence of the Tzigani, with whom life was the most perfect freedom, and whose example was a dangerous one for serfs now chafing in bondage. To them he was not sparing of curses, and they waited for *revenge*.

And how was Father Niklas to guide this deep dark tide? which slowly swelled with the elements of destruction. He felt that a heavy responsibility rested upon him, and his head throbbed beneath its weight. He was naturally very gentle—averse to all violence; but the trodden worm will turn—he had been injured and disgraced, by those too whom he had so fondly trusted—he was not now in his right mind, for

"to be wroth with those we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Little did the inhabitants of the castle think of the chasm which yawned at their threshold, and dark and dense was the cloud, whose shadow was not heeded.

There was one, among that company of troubled spirits, whose heart was too much engrossed with its own griefs to mark that which daily passed around her. There was one among them, though not of them, who was yet to be their source of inspiration; there was one who was to be their guide, and the guardian of those over whom Destruction hovered, who was as yet unconscious of the existence of trial and danger. It was *Garfilena*.



## CHAPTER VIII.

The knowledge of the meditated rebellion fell upon Garfilena like a thunderbolt. Such a thing she could never have deemed possible, and it would never have been intimated to her had not those around her seen that, whatever her feelings towards the count's family might be, she strictly avoided the castle. Indeed no one knew where were her hidden haunts, or aught but that her mind was in a stupor—her voice was no more heard in song, and no smile ever flitted over her sad pale face. Count Emerich had sought her, it is true, but never with success, and the old count and countess seemed to have forgotten her existence.

Sadly indeed had life changed to the beautiful girl, and but for one feeling it would have been mere passive existence. She felt that she had made a great sacrifice. She had given up the hopes that are dearest to every young girl's heart; she had given up the hope of hope—the idea that she might ever love again. True, Count Emerich might not have been to her what she had believed he was ready to become, but she had acted upon an assurance of his devotion to her as strong, in her own mind, as the marriage vow itself could have made it.

There is in every true woman's heart a love of martyrdom, a desire to sacrifice for those she loves, and to cast upon the altar that which is dearest and holiest in her eyes. And Garfilena had done this. For his own sake she had resigned Count Emerich, and she had not even permitted herself the gratification, which in her situation might have been deemed somewhat excusable, the refusal in words of the young count. In his proud heart it must have rankled, and she felt that her memory would be dearer if unconnected with the thoughts of a discarded lover. For, while she knew that her life should be divested of every thought and memory of him, yet, in his heart, she hoped that she might ever dwell.

One thing more had she crushed, as a worthless bauble, and it was the hope of one day discovering a noble parentage. This hope had been suggested and cherished by her lover, but now she was resolved to consider herself, what she had been said to be, allied by blood to the serfs and gipsies. Terrible was this to her, but she was determined; she mingled with them, as one of them; she schooled her heart to regard them all with more of interest, and the effort which all this required rendered existence a life of heroism. Stagnant and cold would its tide have otherwise been, but now it flowed on in a warm quick roseate stream, though colored and quickened by her own heart's blood. He who can rule his own spirit has been said to be mightier than he who ruleth a city, and Garfilena, the companion of serfs and gipsies, was greater than she could have been as *Countess Sczhenevi*, for she did

“queen it well o'er her own sorrows,  
As o'er rightful subjects.”

If the knowledge of rebellion came upon Garfilena like a thunderbolt, it came with an electrifying, but not a destructive shock. It came from a dark cloud; and through the rift it made she looked upon the sky beyond. She now saw how she might exercise her dormant powers, for the good of all she had ever loved, and her mind was roused to action. To one who had lived and wandered as she had done, the plan was easy of suggestion, by which she might prevent violence and bloodshed. But it was also one

which would require her utmost and never-ceasing exertions. And this plan was, that all the dissatisfied serfs should leave that part of the country—that they should flee from bondage, rather than resist it. To submit to it she would never have counselled—her own love of liberty, and ideas of the natural rights of man, were averse to this, and she hoped that in freedom and solitude she could infuse into them the detestation of human control which characterized the Tzigani, and the submission to a higher and holier influence which she felt within herself, and which, with less refinement, was characteristic of the peasantry. A strange and heterogeneous compound of feelings, sentiments, and passions, was that which she hoped to blend into one—a love of true liberty. It was a visionary scheme, but Garfilena had always been a dreamer, and now that she had been so terribly awakened from early dreams, it was well that visions of another kind arose before her. She was full of faith in others, of confidence in herself, and hope of ultimate success. Her plans, thoughts, and feelings, were revealed to Father Niklas, who had wavered, feared, and doubted, till he was assured of his own incompetence to lead in any design, and who readily yielded to the guidance of a firmer spirit. More easily than he could she sway the hearts of all, for she would appeal to the common feelings of those who differed in faith; she would soften passion to feeling, and strengthen sentiment into resolution. This was to be effected by her influence over the heart—by her gifts as poetess, for in her were blended the poetry of thought, sound, and motion. In Hungary this may be made a mighty influence, for it is in accordance with the genius of the people—they express their joy and sorrow, their love, penitence, remorse, and devotion, in dance and song. And the mystery, which surrounded Garfilena's birth and character, was propitious to her designs.

"Let them believe, Father Niklas, if they will, that I am a supernatural being—they know that I am not evil—and it may be that the joys, sorrows, and trials, of all my past life have been overruled for this. I cannot live for myself alone; and there is not a maiden in the village so helpless as a household drudge. But I was not made for naught—these gifts which seem to separate me from all others, were yet bestowed for their benefit. I would not live and suffer in vain; and with all my waywardness, my mysteries, and powers, I may yet do great good."

"Be it as thou wilt, my daughter!" and the old man laid his hand upon her head. "The blessing of St. Josef be upon thee!"

"Of the Holy Mother!" replied Garfilena, quickly; and the picture of the Madonna came to her mind, with that strange vague remembrance, as though she once had been in that infant Savior's place.

"The blessing of the Holy Virgin be ever upon thee!" and then the old man and the maiden went their different ways.

#### CHAPTER IX.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of May. The cool balmy breezes came softly down, through the swelling vine stichs on the hills, and rustled through the tops of the tall trees in the valley. And darkness was creeping up to the lower hills, though the highest summits were still gilded by the departed sun. There was a roseate hue upon the castle battlements, and convent towers, and far up, in the transparent sky of that country, the new moon was seen, like a delicate crescent of silver. Seldom is it seen in other lands in so early a period of its monthly course, and none could wonder, who saw it suspended "like the bow of an angel in the heavens," that it had been



chosen as the national ensign. There was the fragrance of the blushing blossoms of the peach tree, and "the leafless rods of the cherries" were hidden by their "flowers of bridal whiteness." The mists of night stole slowly up the highest hills, and the new moon bathed with silver the silken blossoms of the datura.

In the castle of Sczhenevi was a party of magnates, and most beautiful of the young nobles was Count Emerich. His short purple-velvet mantle, and jacket, which form a part of the surpassingly beautiful national costume of Hungary, were studded with jewels, and in his girdle glittered a jewelled sword and dagger of exquisite workmanship. At his side, in the feast and the dance, was the lovely daughter of a Magyar noble, but though her voice was sweet, it could not efface the remembrance of one far sweeter; and though her face was very fair, it but recalled the memory of one which was far more beautiful. The old count and countess were in high spirits, and none thought then that there could be a gathering of deeper interest, and even within the shadow of the castle walls.

Where the greensward was encircled by lindens the serfs had met. The retainers at the castle observed that the assemblage was unusually large, but in the hurry and tumult of the feast, and the preparations for the chase on the morrow, it was unremarked. Of late also these gatherings had been frequent; and they knew that the explanation was not false, when they said that they met to behold the dance, and hear the song, of Garfilena. Those strange melodious tones had been borne to the ears of listeners, who little dreamed their purpose, and the serfs had never been molested.

This had been the last day of bondage; and in the weather-beaten brow of every peasant was the impress of care and thought, which marks the free-man. They met there where they had often stood in thoughtless levity, with no anxiety for the morrow; and now, self-banished from that sheltering home, "the world was all before them—where to choose" no place of rest, but a refuge from the avenger, and a subsistence for those whose lives would depend upon their exertions. There might have been sinkings of the heart; for those, who had never toiled in solicitude during the past, were well prepared to foresee the dangers and trials of the future.

There was a slight rustle in the heretofore silent throng, like the whispering of the winds in the trees around them, when Garfilena advanced to the centre of the group. Her dress was one which she had recently adopted, a picturesque and graceful combination of the Tzigani costume, and that of the peasantry. A long white mantilla of the finest wool fell in soft folds around her person, and its purple border was of the hue worn by the proud Magyar. The beauty of her form, but not the gracefulness of her movements, was entirely concealed; and there, for a few moments, she stood like a statue before them. Her mantle was raised to her face, in the attitude of the Tzigani seers, and there was a breathless silence around her. She lowered her hand slowly, and the snowy fold dropped from a face of its own pure whiteness, and the large dark radiant eyes turned, with a searching look, upon the company around her. One glance told her that no foes were there, and with another she read their hearts, and felt what would be required of her. She knew that there were hopes and fears, doubts and depressions, among them, and her heart rose within her, in its solitary strength, to meet the demand which would be made upon it. It is far easier to arouse the fierce passions of man, and even to guide them, than to awaken and cherish that slow sure resolution which is the result of knowledge and reflection. Had Garfilena foreseen all the difficulties she had already encoun-

tered she would have shrunk from the task ; but now her heart was in her work, and it warmed and strengthened within her as she toiled on.

She cast aside her mantle, and the silvery moonlight played upon the long black tresses, which hung coiffess around her, and even the veil of delicate lawn had been laid aside. Her hair was bound back from her marble brow by a small circlet of myrtle, and her fair bosom was concealed by plaits of fine linen. Her jerkin, or bodice, was of jet black velvet, ornamented with pearls which had been the gift of a countess. Her tunic was of the snowy hue, and soft light fabric, as her mantle, with the same dark bordering. Her hands, arms, and feet, were bare, and might have been a model for a Phidias. So spiritual was her expression, so pure and graceful her attitude, that, when silent, her influence was felt by all who beheld her.

She began with a low sweet mournful strain, which soon subdued into a pensive tone the changeful feelings of her listeners. She sang of forsaken homes, of parted friends, of blighted hopes, and their hearts were relieved, by tears, of their sorrow. During this prelude her motions had been slow, and almost imperceptible ; but, when she changed her theme, they became quicker, and would have appeared rapid but for the ease with which they were performed. She sang now of newer friends, and higher sources of friendship ; of better homes, and hearthstones of their own ; of budding hopes, which promised sweeter joys ; and she roused them all to high enthusiasm. Then, in a louder, stronger tone, she sang of *liberty* ; and of the action and suffering which alone can fit men for it. Ere her last notes had died upon her lips they sprang to their feet, with the loud ringing shout of FREEDOM.

#### CHAPTER X.

The plan of departure had been well matured, and promised success. A few of the Tzigani were to accompany them as guides, and protectors, through the hills, and forests ; and one strange old beldam had insisted upon being one of this band. Garfilena felt an unaccountable aversion to this woman, though she had done her many an act of kindness, and evidently felt a deep interest in her fate.

The Tzigani, who were left in their old homes, were to oppose pursuit should it be made ; to mislead them as to the direction of the fugitives ; and to prevent, as long as possible, a knowledge of their departure, by taking possession, in disguise, of the huts of the peasantry.

With the assistance of that portion of the clan, who were with them, the *ci-devant* bondmen could make a house in the greenwood shade, and a chimney smoke, at any place, of three cross poles.

Father Niklas had performed mass when the bell of the convent rang for vespers, and they felt that the blessing of St. Josef would be with them. But stronger even than their religious faith was the enthusiasm which emanated from Garfilena. Her heart throbbed with hope, for she knew that pursuit and violence would be repugnant to the old count, and she felt that Emerich would never seek blood in a band of which she was a leader. Yes ! she led them, from home, from bondage, and oppression—in the stillness of that dark night they went forth, with their gipsy guides ; and that dauntless girl preceded the old father, who muttered prayers, and pressed to his heart the crucifix. We will not follow their wanderings—we will not say much of her who never failed or faltered in the toilsome march, and who cheered them on with her free firm voice by day, and her song and dance by night. They came to the Danube, and followed for awhile its deep dark course. They came to where it winds and doubles among the verdant hills, seeming like a



quick succession of beautiful lakes, and then they came where its high rocky shores present the appearance of a petrified city, with Gothic spires and lofty towers intermingled with Moslem minarets. But they left the course of the rushing stream, and went afar among the rugged hills. At length they found a home. A rude village was soon created, a chapel was built for Father Niklas, and a hut for Garfilena. The site of her habitation, and indeed of the village itself, was selected with reference to her wishes, and it was a wild romantic spot, which could not fail to please a taste like hers. Her cot was of a slight wicker frame, like the huts they had left, plastered within and without, and floored with unburnt clay, and with a long projecting roof thatched with reeds. Its exterior was not different from the other huts, excepting that she had transplanted flowering vines, which curtained the lattices and concealed the mud walls. But within it was whitened to dazzling neatness, and through the thin plastering could be discovered the wicker, which looked like delicate fret-work. The floor was covered with a soft carpet, which had been the gift of the old Tzigani hag to whom she felt such a strong antipathy; and, in one corner, was a mattress, which was her seat by day, and couch by night. A brasier for coals, and her musical instruments, completed her furniture, and the only ornaments were daily garlands of fresh flowers. And life was now as pleasant as it could be to her—it was freedom among Nature's wildest fastnesses by day, and the inspiring dance and song by night. It was her task to cheer, strengthen, and encourage those among whom she dwelt; to revive them when they drooped, and to enliven them when sad. She was regarded as their preserver, their inspiring genius, their guardian angel. She was still pale, and somewhat slighter than at first, perhaps from untiring exertion, but she was still most beautiful. Yet never did she hear a word of admiration, or devotion, which might not have been poured forth before the Madonna, at St. Christine's. In her unguarded cot she was as safe as if surrounded by bands of soldiery, and it was the purity of her own lofty unselfish character which was her safeguard.

Garfilena had learned of the nuns to play the harp, and of the gipsies to use the timbrel and castanets. She did not subject herself to the rules of her art, and only availed herself of them so far as they could regulate and increase her powers. There was something singularly sweet, wild, and touching, in all her chants, even in those by which she endeavored to dispel sorrow. She seldom accompanied her moonlight dance, and song, with instruments, but when she sat amid her flowering vines, as the light of the departing sun came through the tall cypresses, she sang to the lyre, or arose and danced to the timbrel and castanets.

Her voice alone possessed a wonderfully varied power. She would lower it till it chimed with the murmurs of the stream, which wound around her home; she could harmonize it to the notes of every bird, even the rich tones of the nightingale. She could send it away, in a low sigh, upon the evening breeze; or pour it forth, in a rich gush of song, which brought her hearers to their feet, and made them tremble, and look up, to see if the soul of the minstrel had not arisen on those wings of melody.

There were times when she was severely depressed; when she could not utter even one note of wailing; it was when she thought of her joyous youth, and heard, from the Tzigani, who still held a mysterious correspondence with each other, tidings of Sczhenevi. She learned that there had been a search for them, in the neighborhood of the castle, at their first departure; but that the gentle countess, and conscience-stricken old count, had plead that there might be no protracted pursuit, and their son had yielded more

readily than they anticipated. She heard also of his marriage with a proud and lovely bride, and for a moment she drooped. She felt that even her memory was banished from his heart, but she was wrong. It is strange that woman should so often judge man by her weak self. She can love once, and only once; and if that love must die its ghost will haunt her heart through life. But he possesses a larger heart, and can share its prolific affections with many. If one love must die, he finds room to shrine its memory in the same tabernacle with those which are still as household gods. But, if Garfilena saddened at the thought that she was forgotten, she roused herself again, and these seasons of melancholy were often succeeded by those of fitful enthusiasm. If life was night to her it was the night of northern climes; with its sky of deep clear blue, its brilliant stars, its lights flashing up from the horizon, in varying streams of rose and purple, crimson and orange; or forming an arch of quivering silver, which pales away till the evening is left in its pure stern beauty.

#### CHAPTER XI.

Years passed away; and Garfilena, the beautiful and mysterious minstrel, remained in solitude. Even there her life was not one of ease—she would not have had it such, but her anxieties and exertions were too great, and it was slowly ebbing away. Her influence with her people had been over their feelings, and sentiments; and, unlike an ascendancy which is gained over reason, it required her never-ceasing exertions to maintain it. There were times when she wearied; but she never yielded to despondency, though she hoped that soon release might come.

One night the villagers had met, as usual, before her cottage door. She noticed not that there was an unusual expression of anxiety upon their countenances, but sang to them as she often did in happy times. Though Garfilena often sang a pleasant song, her own heart was never joyous. Yet she would have made others happy, though she might never have such happiness herself. The expression of her countenance told that she was never light hearted. It was an expression of sorrow when she was silent, and when she smiled it was a smile which faintly played in light around her lips, but never beamed from the depths of her large dark pensive eyes. It was the smile which tells of a heart that would fain meet smiles, and gladness, and bestow all it can in return.

Garfilena little thought on this night the cause of solicitude. The old gray-headed gipsy, who had ever haunted her, now came, and crouched at her feet. She had something to tell, but could not summon courage to unburden herself. But word had been sent them, by some of the old gang, that the aged Count and Countess Sczhenevi were no more. Emerich, now Count Sczhenevi, had attacked the horde, and they were scattered in every direction. It was rumored also, that he was about to march with an armed company to the villagers who had been his serfs. To this act he was instigated by his countess, who had learned of their retreat from a gipsy girl. The Countess Sczhenevi was a beautiful and high-spirited, but bigoted woman, and had in youth dedicated herself to the service of St. Christine; but her parents had interfered to prevent the consummation of this vow, and Count Emerich had found excitement in the endeavor to create an interest in a heart which had been given to its Savior. After their marriage he had found in her a congenial spirit—one ready to forward all his plans, however harsh, and cruel, they might be—at least every project which ostensibly aimed at their own aggrandizement, or that of the church. But the count



was not perfectly happy—there was the remembrance of a gentler, loftier being—one to whom the better feelings of his soul had responded like the swelling waters which rise towards the calm bright moon. Those feelings had slept long, too long to be ever fully awakened, and now his countess endeavored to arouse his darker passions, under pretence of religious solicitude. She impressed upon him the necessity of breaking up a community composed of heretics, infidels, and gipsies, and spoke of it as a Christian duty. Perhaps she was not aware herself, that she was somewhat influenced by the knowledge that one in that company had been once dearly beloved by the count, for there had been many to tell her of Emerich and Garfilena.

The count consented to obey her wishes, and he did it with more alacrity when he saw that refusal, or delay, would arouse the jealousy of a high-spirited woman. The expedition against the Tzigani was the first, and that against his father's former bondmen was the second, act of the new Count Sczhenevi.

Little did Garfilena imagine, on this night, that her former lover was so near—little did any one think that he was at hand. But while some were lost in anxious thought, and others were carried away by the song of Garfilena, the horsemen were stealthily surrounding the village. One tall noble form advanced impatiently before the others, clad in that beautiful Hungarian costume which is the most splendid national dress in Europe. Pride, passion, and bigotry, had drawn deep lines upon his hardened face, and none, who had known him when a boy, could have recognized him now. But though in exterior so entirely changed, yet at that moment, with that sweet voice ringing in his ears, he was again a boy—a wayward passionate boy, but with a heart yielding to the influence of mercy, gentleness, and love. There was a choking in his throat, a swelling in his heart, as he rushed forward, and beheld *Garfilena*.

Harshly as Time had dealt by him it had passed lightly over her. Her delicate features had never been distorted by evil passions. Her beauty had been eminently one of expression. Had she been devoid of this the regularity of her features, and the clearness of her complexion, would have given her every usual claim to it; but now the sweet and ever-varying expression of her countenance, attracted all attention, and caused other beauties to remain unnoticed. It was like the lights and shades which play upon the surface of a placid lake, and which lead us to forget the crystal clearness of the waters beneath them, though this is an unnoticed essential to its loveliness. Garfilena's expression had always been one of youthfulness. If, in childhood, her genius had given her the quick instincts, the keen insight, and deep feelings of maturer years, so in womanhood it preserved for her the shrinking delicacy, the pure and noble aspirations, the freshness of heart, and quick sensitiveness of the child. Neither Guilt, or Passion, had ever passed over her, leaving behind their dark indelible impression, and Sorrow had but left an imprint of noble refinement. Her complexion was still dazzlingly clear, her hair still luxuriant and wavy, and her expression was certainly not more sorrowful than when she had parted from Emerich by the forest waterfall.

A long cry burst from the group as Count Sczhenevi started to their midst; and, looking around, they beheld, among the shadowing trees, the gleaming of sabres, and heads of horses and horsemen. That deadly fear came over them, with which they had often thus met in the first years of the new settlement, but which had been long forgotten. Garfilena looked up, as it met her ear, and, as the moon shed its brightest rays upon her upturned face, she met the gaze of that dark stern strangely-altered man; and an unerring

instinct told her that it was *he*. The song rang from her lips in a sharp quick echo; and, leaping from the earth, as though an arrow had entered her vitals, she fell senseless upon the ground. The count started forward to raise her in his arms, but the step of Father Niklas was even quicker than his own, and the old priest raised his arm, with a look of menace. That proud man fell back, and his stout frame trembled beneath that upbraiding look, for he felt that the form, which had been so long and carefully withdrawn from his knowledge and remembrance, should still be sacred from his touch. The old man raised her from the earth, and the dark blood came slowly through her slightly parted lips. He carried her to her own home, and laid her upon her own bed; and the old Tzigani woman tried in vain every means of restoration. There was a stern silence without and within as they waited around that bed of death; for there she lay through the long night, with the blood still slowly welling from her heart, and showing that life was there.

Morning came with brightness and beauty; but she, who had been wont to greet it, lay silent and unconscious. With the first light of dawn the count had sent back all but his personal attendants, and now he waited for the death of Garfilena. The day passed on; but when evening came, and the setting sun threw a drapery of gold over her low pallet, she revived, though not to perfect consciousness. She heard the songs of the birds, and the music of the waterfall, and her mind went back to the days of childhood. For a few moments she was again, as in early years,

“By nature’s smile, and nature’s music led,  
A child of melody that thoughtless strayed.”

Then came darker remembrances; and, once more, her sweet voice arose on the air, in a low sad symphony, and, with a last effort of her failing powers, she sang the *farewell* song with which she had parted from Count Emereich. Then came a pleasanter thought, and a faint smile, and she essayed to sing a jubilee for *freedom*; but her strength was gone—the notes wavered faintly, then died upon the lips, which still retained a smile which never more might be displaced by sadness, for song and life had ceased with Garfilena.

## CHAPTER XII.

With simple rites, and aching hearts, they buried the minstrel, in such a grave as she would herself have chosen. It was where the turf was very green, the flowers very beautiful, and the spot where the birds loved best to come.

After the burial the count sought the hut of the old gipsy, whose strange conduct had not wholly escaped his observation. She had watched, apparently in an agony of remorse, by the death-bed of Garfilena, and had turned from it with a look of unutterable disappointment when death had come with no perfect revival of consciousness. He found her miserable abode, but Father Niklas had again been before him. He had found the old woman lifeless. There were no marks of violence upon her person; and whether she had died from some secret poison, or from remorse of conscience, or from that judgment which sometimes follows, as retribution, an unrepented crime, there were none to tell. They buried her in a lonely spot, beneath the dark shadow of overhanging rocks, and then the count left them all with an assurance of no more molestation. \* \* \* \* \*

Years passed over the little secluded community, and they brought their



changes—they brought more than their usual changes. There were wide differences now among those who had been so well united.

Since the death of Garfilena Father Niklas had grown gloomy, abstracted, and austere. He inflicted upon others, and himself, severe penances—he was constantly at his devotions, and was harsh towards those who erred from the true faith. Garfilena's gentle subduing influence had always been strong upon him, for he could best appreciate it; and now that she was gone, and old age had come, and death was approaching, he reviewed the past with contrition and remorse. He doubted strongly the justice and utility of what he had done; he felt severely his banishment from old friends, and associations—from all others of his class; and he writhed beneath the stigma which had rested long, and hitherto lightly, upon him. The change in his demeanor affected that of others towards him—he was repulsive to them, and they forsook him. Then he began to distrust; as old men often will, with less reason; he doubted the efficacy of every restraint, but that of stern unmitigated religious faith. His denunciations were of a terrible character, and his promises and hopes were held up before those, alone, who yielded unhesitatingly to all his decrees.

Those who were opposed to him were the strongest party, had they been united; but they were as far asunder from each other as from him. There were the heretics, or reformers as they called themselves, who were as bigoted and austere, in their simpler forms and doctrines, as were the devotees of Father Niklas; and then there was a gay dissipated band, who professed to be the worshippers of *Goodness*, and of *Nature*; but who, in fact, worshipped nothing at all. With a bold blasphemy they made the name of Garfilena their watchword; her grave was their shrine; her cottage their temple, and the greensward, where she had danced and sung, was the scene of their wild revelry. Beautiful, but bold and wicked, timbrel girls danced, and sang, in imitation of her, whose powers had been exerted with so sweet and hallowing an influence. Was it strange that her name, and memory, became less dear to those who heard it associated with themes which they abominated? and who saw themselves the by-word of rude scoffers, because they eschewed dance and song, all love of beauty and gladness, and passed their lives in morose devotion. At length harsher feelings were aroused, for the revellers began to work mischief for those whom they had mocked, and these deep feelings of hatred, and wrong, were roused to fierce vengeance when the votive chapel of St. Josef, and the humbler place of worship of the reformers, were wantonly destroyed by fire. Both parties united for revenge, and terrible was the meeting of the foes. In the wild frenzy of excited passion the dancers were eagerly sought; and, when the affrighted timbrel girls fled for refuge, to the grave of Garfilena, they were followed, even there, and their hearts' blood poured out above the unconscious form of her whose life had been all purity and gentleness.

After the havoc was over there followed feelings of deep shame and contrition. The wretched dead were removed from that sacred grave, but, for a time, the flowers died there, and the grass withered away. The love of dance and song departed; the admiration of loveliness and gaiety, of the voice of mirth and artlessness was no more known among them. Life was cheerless, and the grave regarded as the only portal to happiness. There was a remembrance of something like earthly innocence, and pleasure, among those who had not forgotten the lovely minstrel, but darkness was around them—darkness unbroken, excepting by the *ignis fatuus* rays which glimmered over the grave of Garfilena. \* \*

THE following lines were suggested by hearing an allusion to that beautiful Swedenborgian superstition, that the dead, though invisible, are ever around us. The writer has been unable to embody, in the following lines, her own ideas of the cheering and hallowing influence which such a faith must possess.

### ROOM FOR THE DEAD.

"Ye are not dead to us;  
But as bright stars unseen,  
We hold that ye are ever near,  
Though death intrudes between,  
Like some thin cloud, that veils from sight,  
The countless spangles of the night."

#### Room for the dead!

O, let them come, with gentle noiseless tread,  
And hold communion sweet, once more,  
With those that they have loved in days of yore.  
As though we heard their voices in the air,  
For the departed ones we will prepare:  
Nay, but they are not gone; for, even yet,  
Among the fire-side circle they shall sit;  
Bringing, to earth, their blessings from afar,  
Like light and guidance of some brilliant star.  
Room for the dead!

#### Room for the dead!

Here let that old man come, with silvered head!  
And, though ye may not see him sitting there,  
Yet taketh he again the old arm-chair,  
And casts around a look benign, while we  
Bend, as in youth, to him the filial knee.  
His trembling hand shall rest, ere he depart,  
Upon my head; his blessing on my heart.  
Room for the dead!

#### Room for the dead!

For her who erst my infant footsteps led!  
Who loved me, with a mother's holiest love;  
And keepeth watch, from her bright home above,  
Save when she comes, with unseen step and smile,  
And bids me wait here patiently awhile,  
Enduring all, with firm unwavering faith,  
And looking calmly for approach of Death!  
Room for the dead!

#### Room for the dead!

For those with whom such bright hours sped,  
When we have met, in light and careless play,  
And frolicked childhood's sunny hours away.



They were an angel band—and Death hath made  
 No change, save that by *changelessness* conveyed:  
 Theirs is the lot of an immortal youth;  
 They come to me with childhood's love and truth.  
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Brother, return! thou bringest here no dread,  
 Though thou, 'neath Ocean's waves, wast laid to sleep,  
 My faith shall bid thee rise, and walk upon the deep:  
 Here thou shalt meet with those who, 'neath the sod,  
 Have left the body to await its Maker—God.  
 And thou shalt tell them Death is e'er the same,  
 Whether he come in wave, or sword, or flame.  
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Room for the loved one; whom, in youth, I wed—  
 Back, to my arms and heart, O, let him come,  
 And gladden, with his presence, still this home.  
 Then I will wipe my widow's tears away,  
 Again with him I'll kneel, and softly pray;  
 I'll sit, and gaze with rapture, in his eyes,  
 And sing, with him, the song of Paradise.  
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

For him o'er whom my poor wrung heart has bled;  
 Now let me see my cherub boy once more,  
 And all a mother's fondness o'er him pour;  
 'T was Heav'n that gave, and Heav'n that took away,  
 And I with resignation well may pray,  
 Since joy is mine, that, on my throbbing breast,  
 My child again may lie, and take sweet rest.  
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Come ye for whom my board hath oft been spread;  
 Seats are prepared, and we a feast will make,  
 Of which the unseen ones may well partake.  
 Here we our converse joyfully will hold,  
 Of Heaven, its King, its courts, and streets of gold—  
 This earth shall grow more beautiful as we  
 Lift up the veil, that hides eternity,  
 And happiness our homes will ne'er forsake,  
 If, at our hearths and boards, we ever make  
 Room for the dead.

H. F.

## CHAPTERS ON LIFE AS IT IS. NO. IV.

*"Men descend to meet."*

"OH! the stupidity and monotony of this dull round of every day—no, I will not call it living, it is only *staying!*" exclaimed Lizzy White, as she flung herself on a chair in her own room, whither she had fled to avoid the nonsense of some dozen chatterers in the common sitting-room. "Oh that, once in a great while, I could inhale the delicious essence of a refined and intellectual interchange of thought, in our hours for conversation!"

"Lizzy, why do not you seek to give a more elevated tone to conversation?"

"Lucy, I have often done so, but have so often found my humble endeavors treated with rude neglect, if not contempt, that I am heartily sick and discouraged."

"Well, Lizzy, then I suppose you must descend to meet the mass, if you cannot elevate them to your standard."

"Dear Lucy, that is the very idea I do not like. If we had less descending to such frivolous chit-chat, we might have more *conversation*; and such conversation as would not only instruct, but interest and amuse."

"I do not say it should be so, Lizzy, indeed! I think it ought not, but unquestionably it is true that there is a general descending when people meet. One hesitates to introduce a subject from real diffidence; another through fear of being thought officious; and thus, one for this reason, another for that, each hesitates, until, oppressed with the awkwardness of their position, they rush, by common consent, to 'vain babbling,' or 'tea-table scandal,' to pass the fleeting moments."

"Well, Lucy, it is said, 'the physician who understands the cause of a disease, can most effectually prescribe a remedy. What course do you recommend for the elevation and improvement of conversation?'"

"It is necessary first, Lizzy, to understand what conversation is, or rather whence cometh it? One popular author declares it to be an emanation, and no more subject to our control than any other spirit impulse; another pompously declares it to be an *art*, and announces himself prepared to furnish the rare commodity, 'conversational entertainment,' by the hour, for festive occasions. My own opinion, and I offer it as an opinion merely, is, that more depends on a congeniality of spirit than most people are willing to admit; much also depends on circumstances. *We* converse with ease and freedom here by ourselves, but were we now in the sitting-room we should sit as mute as marble, or join the common chit-chat there. Circumstances, having an influence either to advance or obstruct the course of conversation, are of diverse characters: as, a friend with whom I have been acquainted several years, and one whom I highly esteem as a man of moral excellence, and as possessing an amiable and generous disposition, and also a cultivated mind, is so noted for his taciturnity, that no one thinks of engaging him in conversation for more than five minutes; yet this same man has been known to visit, with his wife, the couch of an invalid, and by his flowing, graceful and interesting conversation, entirely to draw her attention from acute suffering for half an hour at a time."

"Lucy, there are still other causes that you have overlooked, which, in my view, have a most deleterious effect on conversation. The great *I*, and little *you*, which are ever forcing themselves on the attention of every ob-



server, are any thing but conducive to a free interchange of thought. Many persons seem incapable of paying respectful attention to any thing advanced by another, especially if it clashes, in the slightest degree, with their own infallible(?) opinions. Others, if they attempt to converse, will assume, in the outset, that those with whom they speak are ignorant of the subject, and indeed of any other topic of rational converse; and this has a direct tendency to paralyze every energy, so they cannot communicate a single thought with ease or elegance. I believe this last to be the fault, more especially, of gentlemen."

"Lizzy, there is undoubtedly much truth in what you say, and I hope some plan may be devised, which shall, at least, lessen the evil."

ORIANNA.

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### TO THE "LINNŒA BOREALIS."

My sweet little flower: when valleys are drear,  
And brown all the hill-tops, the forest trees sere;  
When the flowers, that opened in summer, are dead,  
From earth, thy cold pillow, thou liftest thy head.

Thy delicate blossom, mid evergreen leaves,  
Glow's awhile in the wreath which the merry spring weaves;  
Then slumbers again, until summer is past,  
And keepeth its loveliest smile for the last.

I love thee, sweet flower: thou makest me glad,  
Like the smile of a friend, when the spirit is sad;  
And thy fragrance like words of affection when told  
By a heart that is true, when all others are cold.

And, beautiful one, I will gather from thee  
A truth that shall cheer me when other joys flee;  
When earth has grown cheerless, and gloomy the skies,  
Even then may *Hope's* blossom be gleaned by the wise.

L. L.

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### TO THE "BLUE DEVILS."

#### AN ADDRESS TO THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S DEMON.

HA! hast thou come, to shadow with thy darkness each gay tint of fancy, feeling, wit, and social love? Reckless is thy course—thou destroyest the richest, brightest gilding of imagination's power, and, like the scorching ashes from volcanic mount, obscurest the sun of life—sweet Hope.

Whence art thou? dreaded invisible intruder! Thou comest, silently stealing thy march over every faculty of mind—chaining in thy dreary embrace, its every power of intellect, passion, and action. Thy dominion is

alike over the strong, the brilliant, the gay and gifted, and over the weak, the fond and credulous. Speak!—whence art thou? \* \* \*

Ha! dost thou echo back my words in mockery? Now I know thy throne, thy home, and kingdom. It is amid the battle-ground of man's unchecked, conflicting passions. Thy attendants are Pride, Disappointment, and Vain Repinings.

Despotic, cruel, withering Power! Thy presence scathes and blasts each thought of joy. I would that thy spirit was embodied in some tangible existing form, and that to me was given thy torture. Within some dark and loathsome cavern I would prison thee, with naught but thine own hideousness for companionship. Then I would kindle the ever-scorching blaze of a malicious, slanderous tongue beneath thy feet, and leave Envy's furies to ply the fuel. And Hatred should be there to pour the oil of its own venom on thy head; and Scorn should add the keenest pang to thy bitter agony, as thou gavest up thy loathed existence, and dissolved into thin air, *blue* as thine own majesty.

ESTE.

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### THOUGHTS OF HOME.

It is indeed so: the green hills of my childhood are again presented to my view. I see my home amid its vines and flowers; the garden still blooming, and the orchard laden with its golden fruit. No ruthless hand has felled the aged chestnut tree, that often, in my childish day, was wont to shield me from the summer's potent rays. That silver stream, as bright and clear, meanders through the sunny field. And there is my laughing brother, with his kite, and baited hook, and shout still free and joyous. My gentle sister, with her "eye of light, and lip of love." And I can hear the music of my mother's voice, can see her smile of love, and, at the hour of rest, feel again her hand gently laid, in blessings, on my head. The prayer, the good-night, the kiss—all, all are there. And then my father's grave—the rose my mother planted there with her own hand, and reared with anxious care, and watered with her tears. But, ah! that sounding bell dispels this waking dream, and tells me, that I am still a wanderer, far from home and those I love, dwelling where all are strangers, and few are kind.

O! years have I wandered, like Noah's weary dove, over deserts, wastes, and wilds, nor found a leaf, or olive branch, on which to place my earthly loves. And now my heart would turn to thee, thou blessed ark of rest: O! take the wanderer home. Here would I garner up all my affections; nor place them on a world so cold, so false, as this has proved—so faithless to its promises.

E. D.

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### THE PAST.

I've loved the past, and I love it now,  
Although its dark clouds have shadowed my brow;  
But sweetly and bright, fell youth's early dream,  
On the sparkling tide of my young life's stream.  
My heart beat high, as with Hope's golden hue,  
I gilded each scene that Fancy then drew;  
And the future was e'er but a sunlit glade,  
Where Friendship and Love in the soft air played.



Oh, 't is sweet to recall the bright page of youth,  
 Its purity, confidence, trust, and truth;  
 To paint o'er again, all its pictures so fair,  
 And in mem'ry raise up its "castles of air."  
 But I've lived, and I've learned in this changing life,  
 That early hopes fade in its scathing strife;  
 Yet, I love to turn to the sunny past,  
 And call back the dreams which fled so fast.

But time has broken the charm of the dream,  
 And dark flows the tide of the passing stream;  
 The heart now struggles with anguish riven,  
 And Hope's bright hues have faded in even.  
 The Future's dark vista hath no light, save  
 The beam which shines from the sun of the grave;  
 And pure and unchanging friendship and love  
 This earth hath not—I must seek them above.

Ave.

## EDITORIAL.

**A MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.** This has been the subject of one editorial article, and we should not refer to it again but for the following letter, recently received from the Principal of Troy Female Seminary, a lady known by reputation throughout our country.

Perhaps no other article in the *Offering* has created such universal satisfaction as the one to which this letter alludes; and now that we are seated, for the last time, in the *chaire editorielle* of the *Lowell Offering*, we may be permitted to recall attention to this and some other suggestions we have made. We have strong faith that an institution of this kind would be well sustained. It would meet the wants and feelings of many New England girls. We have received letters from some of our young friends, who say that when our *Manual Labor School* is established they will come here and work. The success here met with, a few weeks since, by the agent of a school of this kind in another State, though probably greater than he deserved, may encourage the institution of one of a similar character here. We hope that what we have said upon this, and other subjects, which has been acknowledged to be of some importance, will not be forgotten nor disregarded. With this preliminary we give our readers the letter of Mrs. Willard, hoping that its subject, and the well-known character of the writer will be our apology for taking such liberty.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY, August 14, 1843.

When different independent minds bring out, without concert, the same results in reasoning from the same premises, there arises from this circumstance a presumption of the correctness of that conclusion. This remark occurred to me, as I read this morning, an editorial article, page 213 of your June number. The situation of the interesting portion of our young females employed as operatives in factories, the creditable manner in which, especially at Lowell, they have shown to the world, that there is no position, which may not be ennobled by the mind and character of those who occupy it, have been much in my thoughts, and I have resolved plans for their benefit in regard to education, that the light now among them might be made to shine still brighter, and their present good character become still better. And the result to which my own mind had arrived is absolutely expressed in the excellent article to which I have alluded. Such a plan of a Manual Labor School I fully believe to be practicable; and I should sincerely rejoice to see it carried into effect.

It is my opinion, that a Manual Labor School might with greater certainty of permanent success be connected with manufacturing industry, than with either domestic or agricultural. The factory operative goes every day to the same employment exer-

cised at the same place. Hence the most perfect regularity of alternating the hours of labor and study can be attained. But in agricultural labor, and in a less degree in domestic, one day there must be one thing done—another, another, in a different place; nor can the farmer tell his assistants to-day what they shall certainly do to-morrow, for the uncertainty of the weather may derange his plans. Nothing of this happens to prevent the labor going on with perfect regularity in a factory.

That the manufacturers would find it their interest to encourage such schools I also believe. Have they not thus far been rewarded for all the care they have bestowed in making for their young females commodious homes, and providing the means of a proper conservatorship, so that none but girls of good character shall be employed? Reverse all this and see how their best operatives would flee from them; and they might then seek among the descendants of the New England stock, and seek in vain for others to fill their places. Let them follow up this system to its perfection, and endeavor to rear up a set of women ennobled by science, as well as by usefulness and virtue; and the good and respectable will more and more be contented to serve them, while more and more they will secure their own interests, and at the same time those of patriotism and philanthropy.

Accept the assurance of my best wishes, and of my esteem.

EMMA WILLARD.

**CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.** It is not without some unpleasant feelings that we close this volume, especially as it is probable the existence of the Offering ceases with this number. And a discontinuance, for want of patronage, is something so very uncomplimentary to the editress and contributors that, in justice to ourselves, we must make some very frank statements.

We do not believe that our subscription list would have been thus small had it been generally known that we needed more support. We have made no complaints, and few appeals; and for this reason, that we did not feel as though a work of this kind should be pressed upon the public. We could not say, as is usually said of periodicals, that we thought its existence essentially necessary to the well-being of the community—that no other work, of the same size or price, was so instructive, or interesting; and that we felt it a duty to urge its claims upon all who had the good of their fellow-beings at heart. And yet we did believe there was a task for the Offering to perform, which could not be so well done by any other work, of ten times its intrinsic merit. We believed that its indirect influence would be to do honor to the laborer, and especially the female laborer—and, certainly, its direct influence must be to elevate her, who, among laborers, has been considered the Paria—one of the lowest caste—we mean *the factory girl*. It would naturally be thought that in a community like ours, where so much is said upon the dignity of labor, and kindred subjects, that a work like this would receive spontaneous, and not reluctant, support; especially after such an appeal as we made, in our first article, to the gallantry of the gentlemen, if for no other reason, than that we were a band of *young females*—of laboring females—of *factory girls*. A gentleman in the State of New York said that he should think we might obtain a list of 50,000 subscribers, and so we might if all other States did as well for us as this has done. In New York we have three hundred subscribers, besides those supplied by the agent in New York city. We have one hundred in the city of Albany, among whom are the Governor of the State, the State Treasurer, Attorney General, and, we believe, the heads of all the departments, and almost all the other dignitaries of the place. Our distant subscribers are, we are told, generally those names which would do honor to any list of the kind. Copies of the Offering have been sent to England, Scotland, Ireland, and France; and have been, in those places, regarded with pleased astonishment. We have some subscribers in all the States of the Union, excepting some of the Southern States. We have received papers, requesting an exchange, from every State and Territory; and we mention these things to show that the fame of the Offering has spread far and wide. We have received very complimentary notices from many of the first periodicals, and papers in the Union, all of them entirely unsolicited. We have numbered among our friends such men as William Ellery Channing, John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, Henry I. Bowditch, &c., and such women as Harriet Martineau, Eliza L. Follen, Emma C. Embury, Mary S. Gove, Maria W. Chapman, Sarah C. Edgerton, Elizabeth P. Peabody, and Emma Willard; and doubtless many others of whose favor we might well be proud.

If there is an appearance of vanity in these statements we trust our readers will excuse us. We have not filled our covers, as we have frequently been advised to do, with the fine compliments which have been paid us, and which, in consequence, many believe we have never received. But though we take this opportunity to assure our



friends that their kindness has not been unnoticed, we do not regret that we have not resorted to any of the customary clap-trap methods to sustain ourselves. The Offering has been regarded with much distrust, but we believe it has always been as free from any thing dishonorable in its management as a periodical could be. We *know* that this has been the case with the present volume. We have acted to the best of our ability in the situation in which we were placed, and have always done what we thought to be right. In our editorial capacity we are aware that we have not given universal satisfaction. It might have been expected that one who exchanged the shuttle for the editorial pen would make mistakes—we have been aware of them ourselves, and should have endeavored, in a farther trial, to improve upon the experience of the past. We said we exchanged the shuttle for the pen—we were wrong, for we have never discarded the former; and, though we have not worked constantly at our old employment, it was because we did not think the interests of the Offering required self-immolation.

We have written without assistance, and in almost every instance unadvisedly. We preferred to do this, at the risk of making ourself disagreeable or ridiculous, because, in that way, alone, could we appear with the freedom and individuality which would be most likely to win confidence and sympathy.

There were elements of dissatisfaction at the commencement of the volume, and these have not entirely died away. The union of the Offering with the Magazine was not so propitious to the interests of the former as was anticipated. We lost old subscribers, and old contributors, without gaining a corresponding increase from the opposite party—indeed the majority of our Magazine subscribers have discontinued their support; the contributors have done better. In justice to some of these, who have been somewhat neglected, we will state that we have not been wholly guided by the intellectual merits of an article in its acceptance or rejection; but many considerations have combined to influence our decision. Sometimes we have rejected an article because it was too long, or too grave, or the subject too hackneyed, or it had been treated of by a former correspondent, when the article was otherwise worthy of an insertion. Then again we would receive an article which would have been gladly published if it had not been too carelessly written—too full of mistakes—though we have given short specimens of our poorest contributions. Then, again, in some of the articles sent us, a sectarian bias has been too plainly visible, though they were otherwise very excellent.

Of those which were on file for insertion, had we continued the Offering, are those upon True Greatness, The Landing of the Pilgrims, Napoleon at St. Helena, The Influence of Fashion, The Immortality of the Soul, Wealth and Poverty, and many others. Then we have quite a little collection of poems; some of which are very good, and some we are *afraid of*.

We should have been very glad to have published a very long, very excellent, and very original story, entitled The Smuggler, but it was received too late, as we should have had room for but one chapter per month, and there were six chapters of it. We hope it will be given to the reading community in some other publication. The Portrait Gallery was discontinued for want of room—as most of the contributors wrote didactic articles we thought we could not crowd theirs wholly out of the Offering, and the author of that series could write fiction for our pages.

We should think that including our pile of contributions, the untouched roll of manuscript presented us by the former editor, and the articles formerly written by ourself for the Improvement Circle, that we have now enough on hand to fill another volume of the Offering. We do not discontinue, as many have predicted that we should, for want of matter to fill our pages. But though the contributors have done well, it can be said of very few of them, "She hath done what she could." We should have been gratified by a livelier interest in the Offering, and the Improvement Circle. The latter, we hope, will not die with the Offering. Let us still meet, and write, and read for the improvement of ourselves and each other. We hope, as the evenings become longer and cooler, that we shall be able to make them more interesting than they have hitherto been. The long stories commenced by the President, will be continued, and some others have promised to furnish us with tales.

We have heard of unkind remarks because the Circle was not confined to the factory operatives—but not one syllable of the writings of the other members has ever found admission to the pages of the Offering, and we did not feel disposed to exclude some very agreeable, intelligent and amiable girls entirely from our companionship, because they had never enjoyed the privilege of working in a cotton mill.

We have been thought to exhibit an undue degree of deference to our employers—we have been spoken of as entirely under their influence. We have been influenced



by nobody, and nothing so much as by our own sense of justice. We do not think the employers perfect; neither do we think the operatives so. Both parties have their faults, and to stand between them as an umpire is no easy task. The operatives would have us continually ring the changes upon the selfishness, avarice, pride, and tyranny, of their employers. We do not believe they possess these faults in the degree they would have us represent them; we believe they are as just, generous, and kind as other business men in their business transactions. Their own interest occupies their first thought, and so we find it elsewhere. We cannot speak of selfishness, avarice, &c., as monopolized by them, for we do not see this to be the case. That their business transactions are based upon the principle involved in the golden rule is not true; neither is this regarded by our other business men. In this respect society is all wrong; there is too much of the feeling that "to him that hath shall more be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath;" but we would do nothing to add to the opprobrium of which the manufacturing capitalists have already received an undue share.

It may be said of us, that they will merely laugh in their sleeves at our Quixotic defence, but we always wrong ourselves by doing or suffering wrong to others. The desire to retrieve wrong, and redress the injured, appears amiable even in the mistaken knight of La Mancha.

We believe also that those who are so ready to point to the beam in another's eye should first cast out that which is in their own. What can we think of those who wish to make the Offering a medium for their avarice and ill-will? We could do nothing to regulate the price of wages if we would; we would not if we could—at least we would not make that a prominent subject in our pages, for we believe there are things of even more importance.

Our fellow-operatives have been wayward in withholding their support; they should remember that evil has often been spoken against them, and that the same tongues *speak still*. Nothing has done more for the removal of prejudice than the Offering, and it might have done yet farther good. Our aim has not been to represent the factory girls as a company of angels, or a factory life as "the ideal of a true life." Far from it. But we wished to do one thing, and that was, to remove aught of stigma which attached to the mere name of factory girl; we wished that *that* alone should be no barrier to her reception into any society for which she was otherwise fitted, and no barrier to her hopes of attaining any other employment or situation. We wished to show to the world, that labor which has been thought most degrading, was not inconsistent with mental and moral cultivation. We would have taught a lesson to those in the Old World, who say that democratic institutions level downward, but *never* upward. We believe we have done some good in this way, and we should have been happy if we could have done more. We should have been pleased if some of the suggestions we have thrown out had been acted upon; they may be at some future time, but if not we are glad that we made them. No good deed is ever wholly lost, and no good word is ever spoken in vain. Had we known certainly that this year would have been our only opportunity, we should have written more in behalf of the operatives. We should have mentioned many things which might still conduce to their comfort and happiness.

It has been said that the Offering has done too much credit to the factory girls. If this is the case its discontinuance will effect a just equipoise. It cannot be regarded as an emanation from the whole mass when the mass eschew it entirely. The question has often been asked, "How many contributors have there been to the Offering?" We were not in all the secrets of the former editor, but we have known of more than *seventy*. We are almost the only one, who wrote for the first number of the Offering, who has also written for the last. We are the only one who has written constantly for the old and new series. For three years it has mingled in our daily thoughts and occupations, and it is not without deep feeling that we resign our connection with it. We have been thought to have betrayed much egotism in our editorial capacity. Perhaps it was natural in our situation, and we thought it no more than *honest* that thoughts and feelings, which were shared by so few, should go forth as those of an individual, and not as those of the representative of a large body of females.

With these statements and explanations we take leave of our patrons, well-wishers, and readers, and our final farewell of **THE LOWELL OFFERING.**

HARRIET FARLEY.



